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MONTANA PIONEERS

CHENOWETH

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PRINTED BY E. C. O'NEIL
KALISPELL
MONTANA
1914

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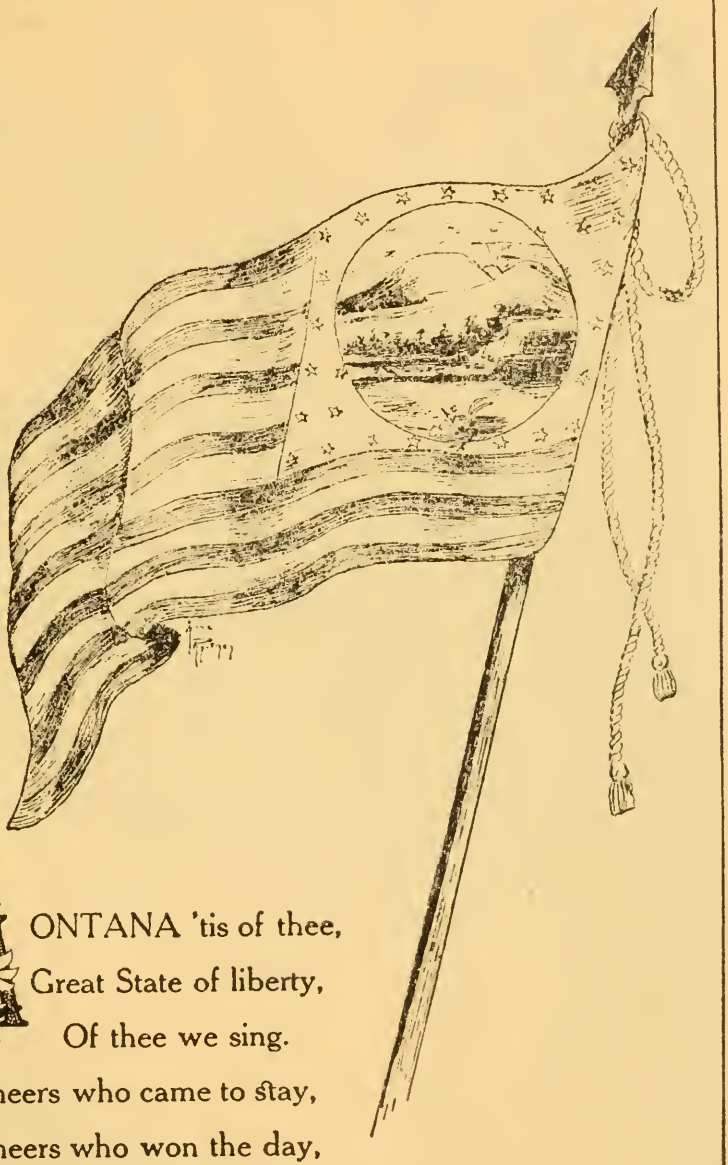

MONTANA 'tis of thee,
Great State of liberty,
Of thee we sing.
Pioneers who came to stay,
Pioneers who won the day,
Of your great work we say
Let praises ring.

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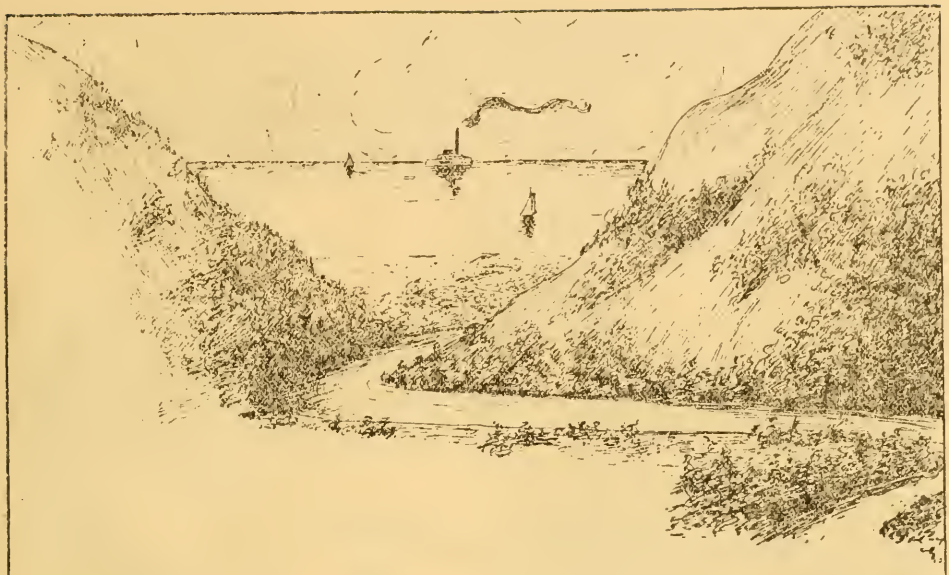
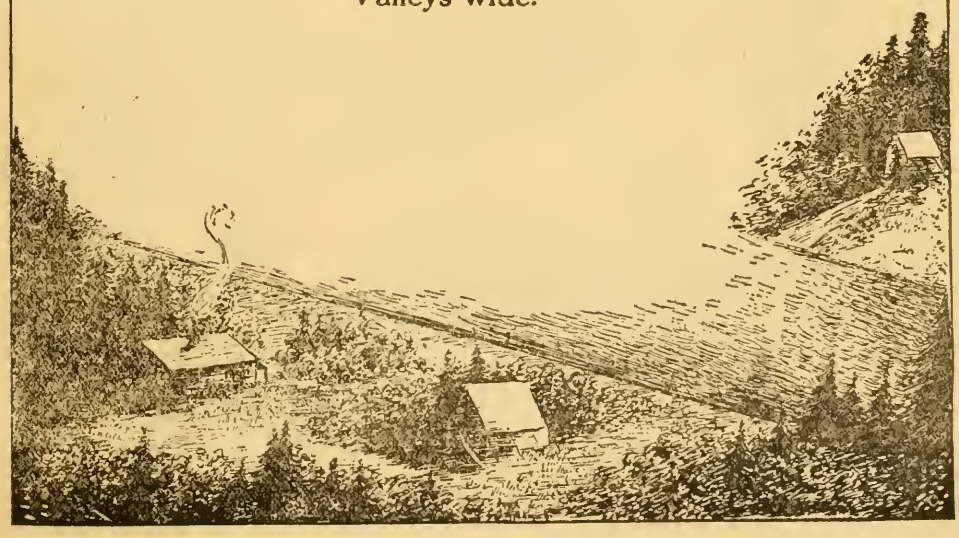
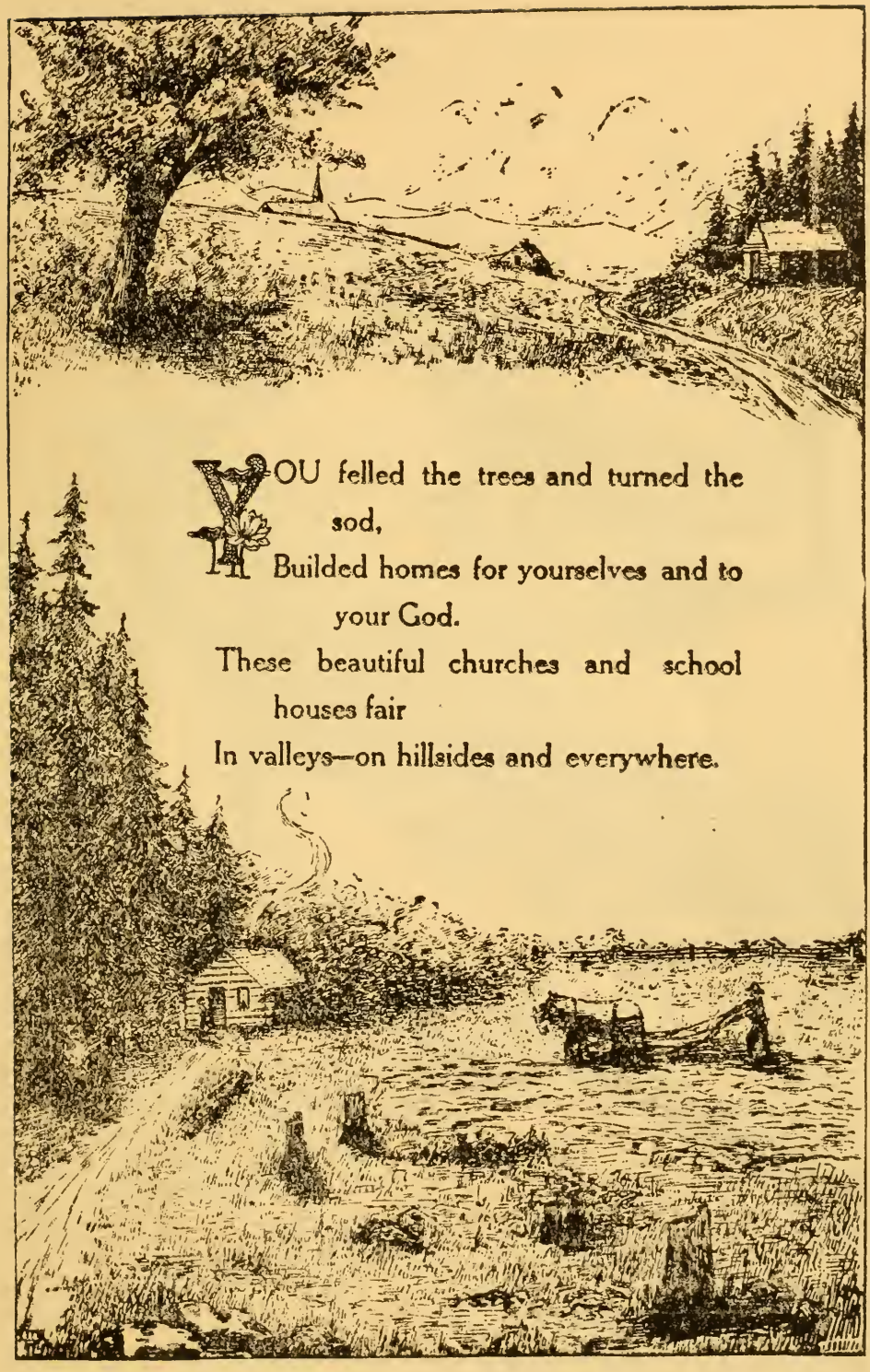
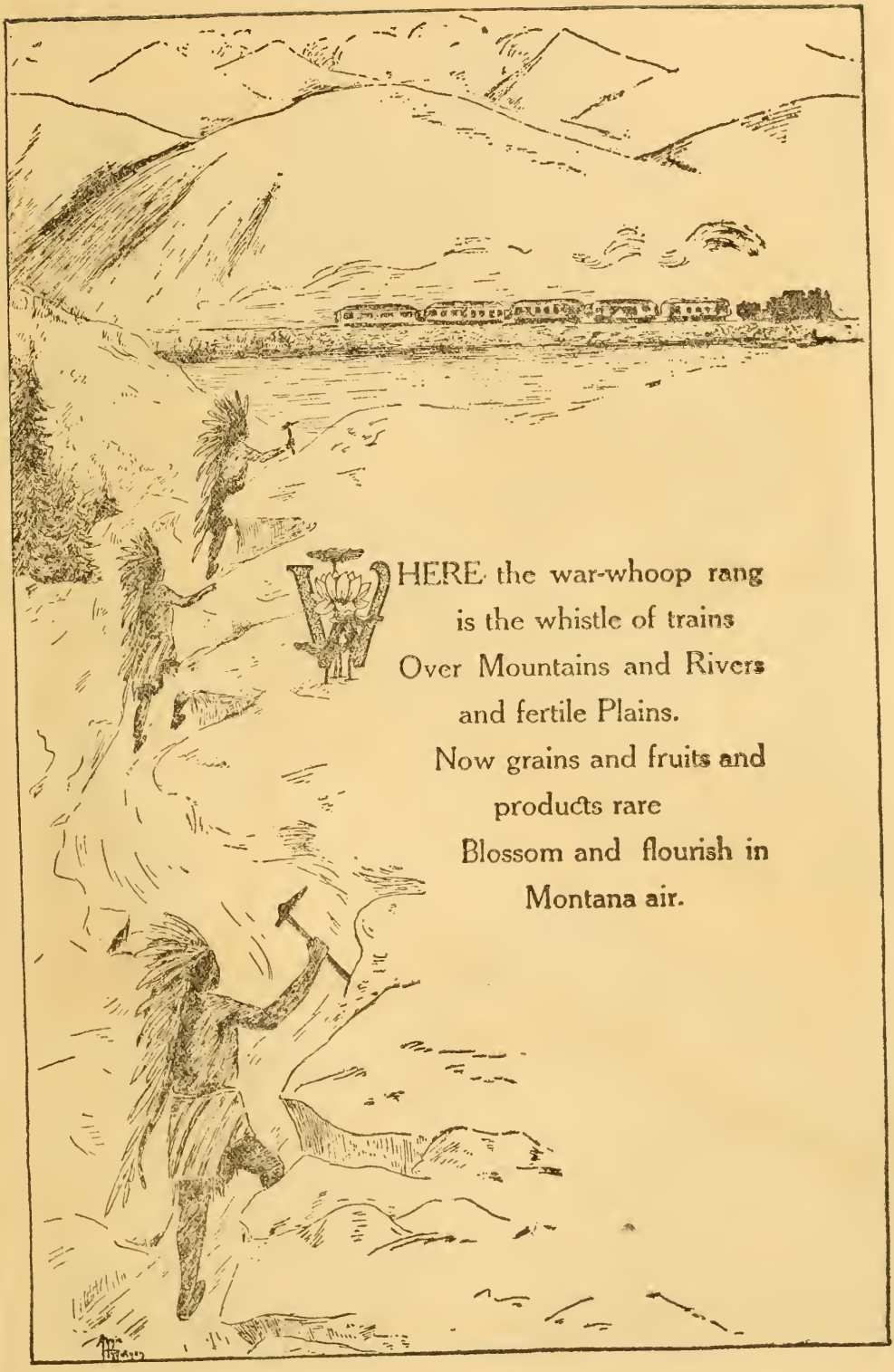


YOU came to this country long years
ago,
Up rivers which flow to the Mexico,
To this western land now the nations'
pride,
Where the Mountains are high—and the
Valleys wide.

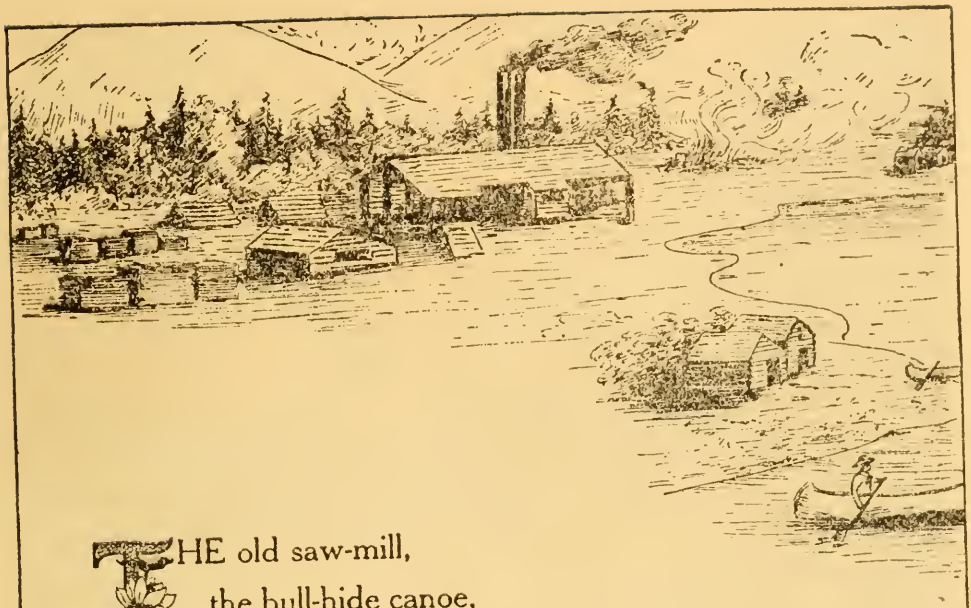




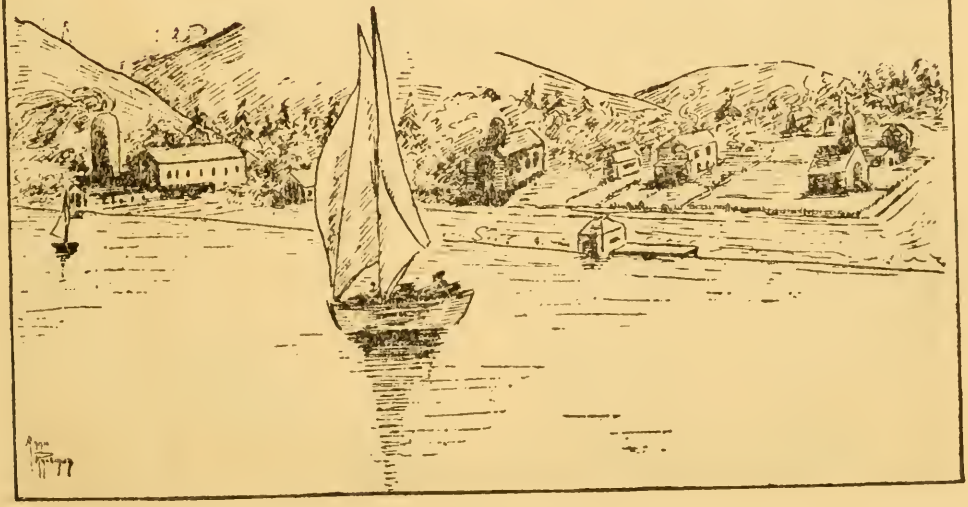
YOU felled the trees and turned the sod,
Builded homes for yourselves and to your God.
These beautiful churches and school houses fair
In valleys—on hillsides and everywhere.

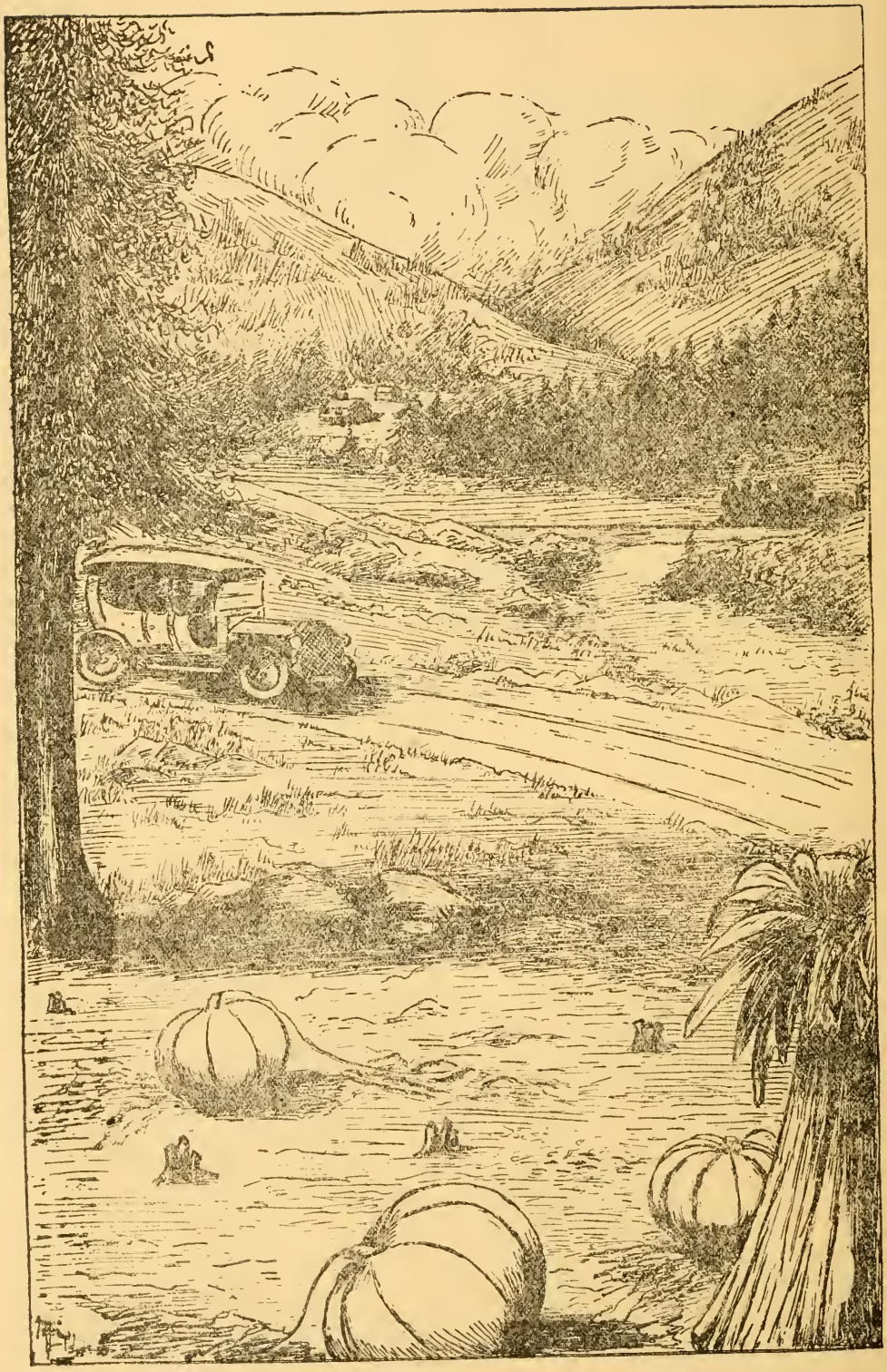


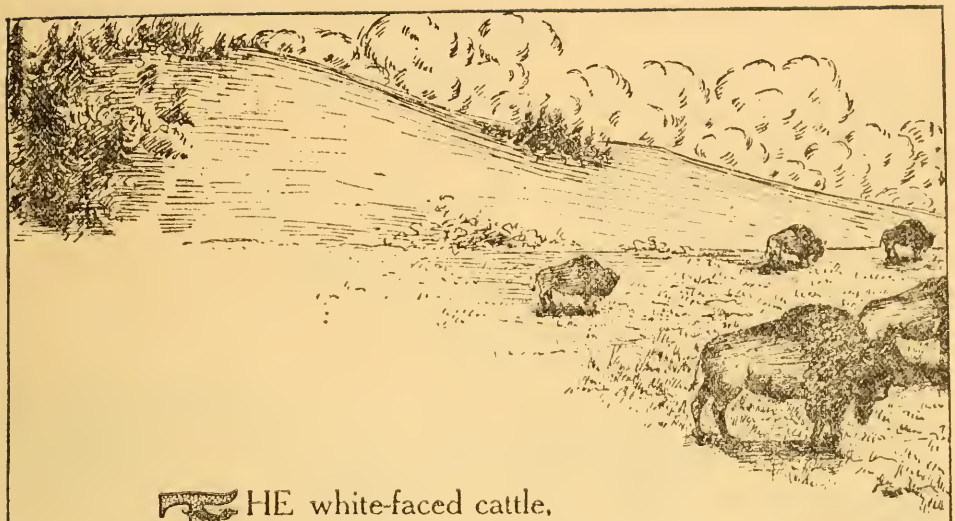
WHERE the war-whoop rang
is the whistle of trains
Over Mountains and Rivers
and fertile Plains.
Now grains and fruits and
products rare
Blossom and flourish in
Montana air.



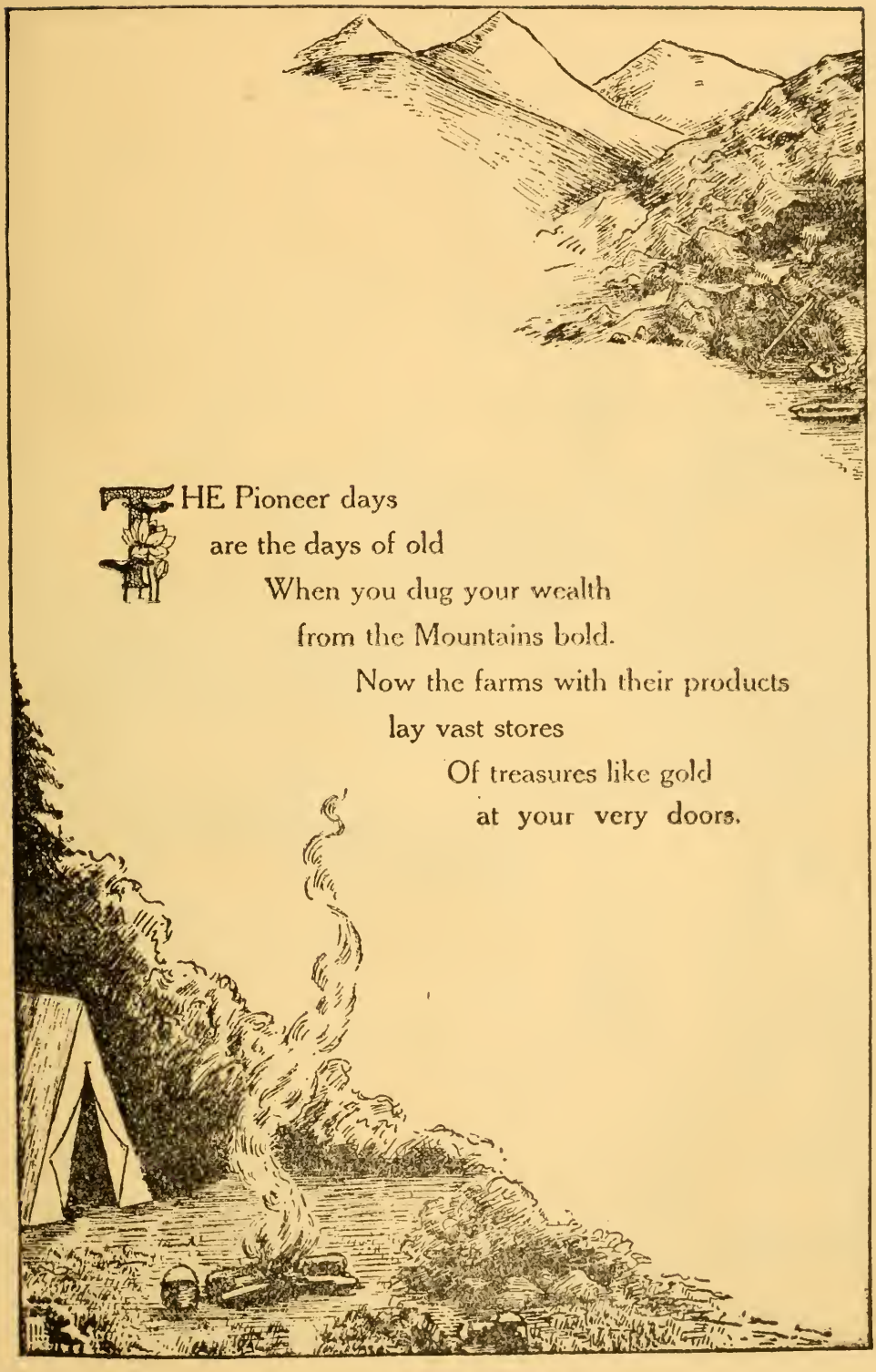
THE old saw-mill,
the bull-hide canoe,
Gave place to the cry
of all things new.
The tepee smoke
and camp-fire's gleam
Have long since passed
like a midnight dream.



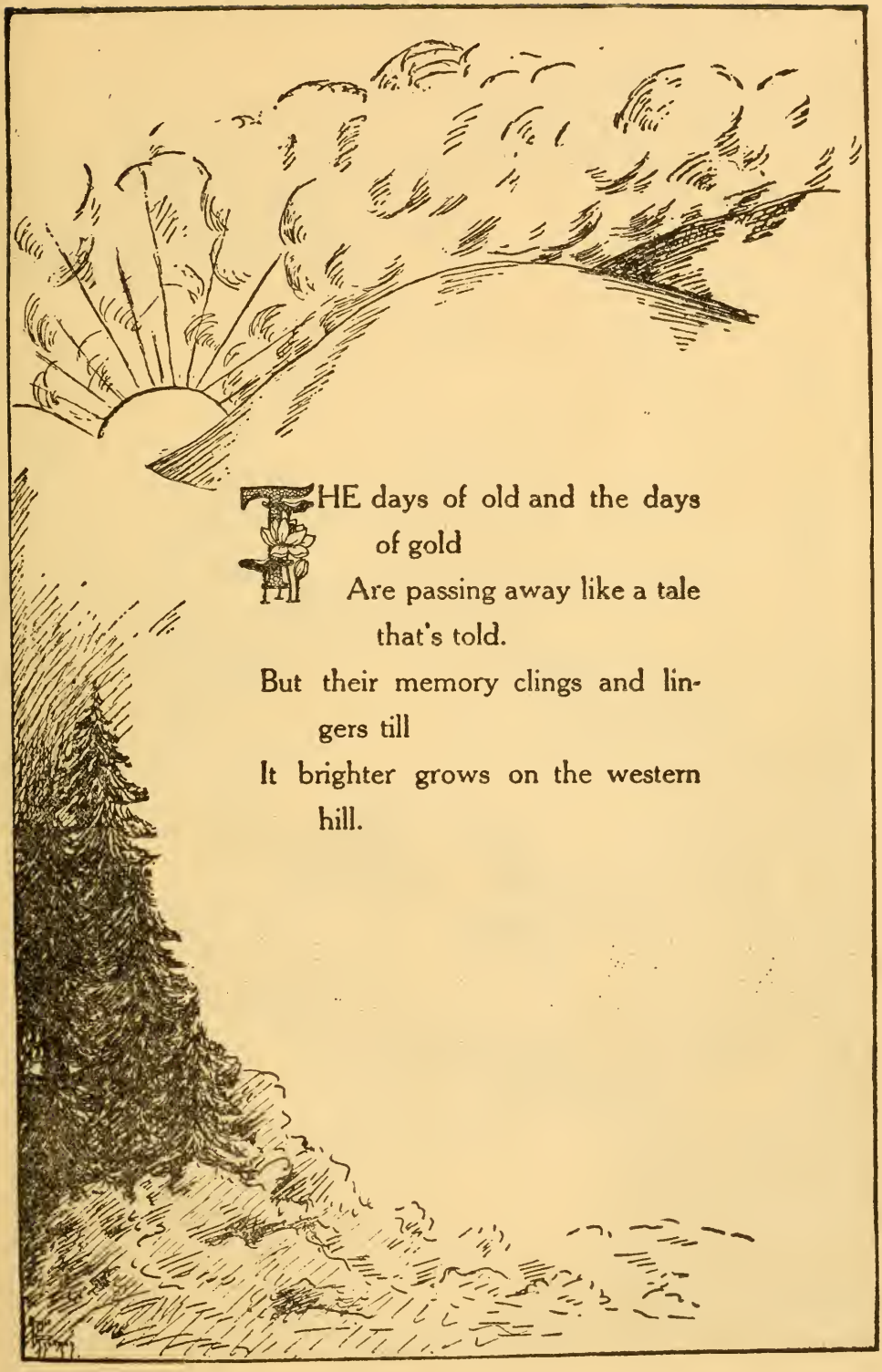




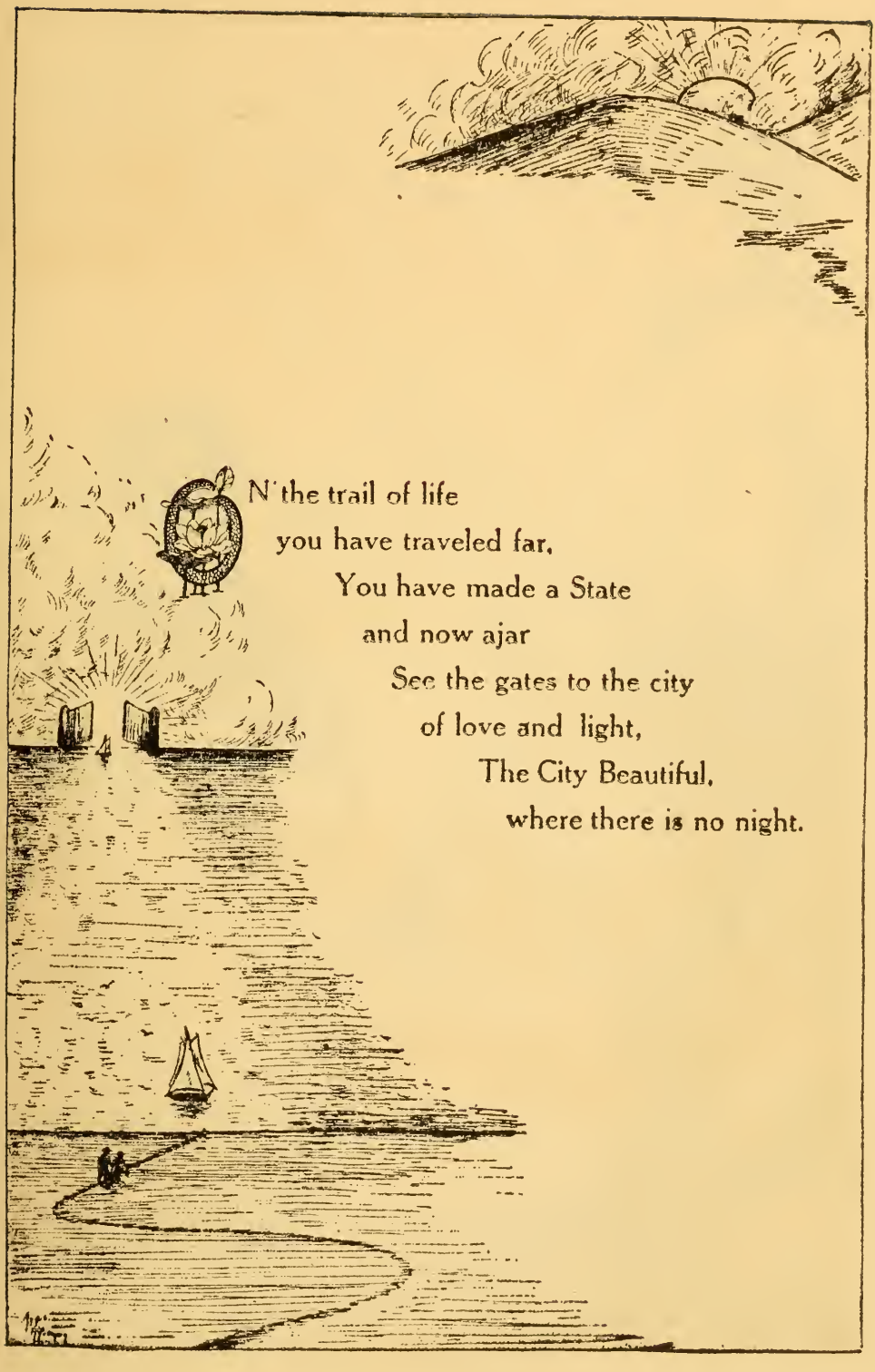
THE white-faced cattle,
some year ago,
Took the place on the prairies
of the buffalo.
The Automobile and the Palace-car
Are bringing new settlers,
from near and far.



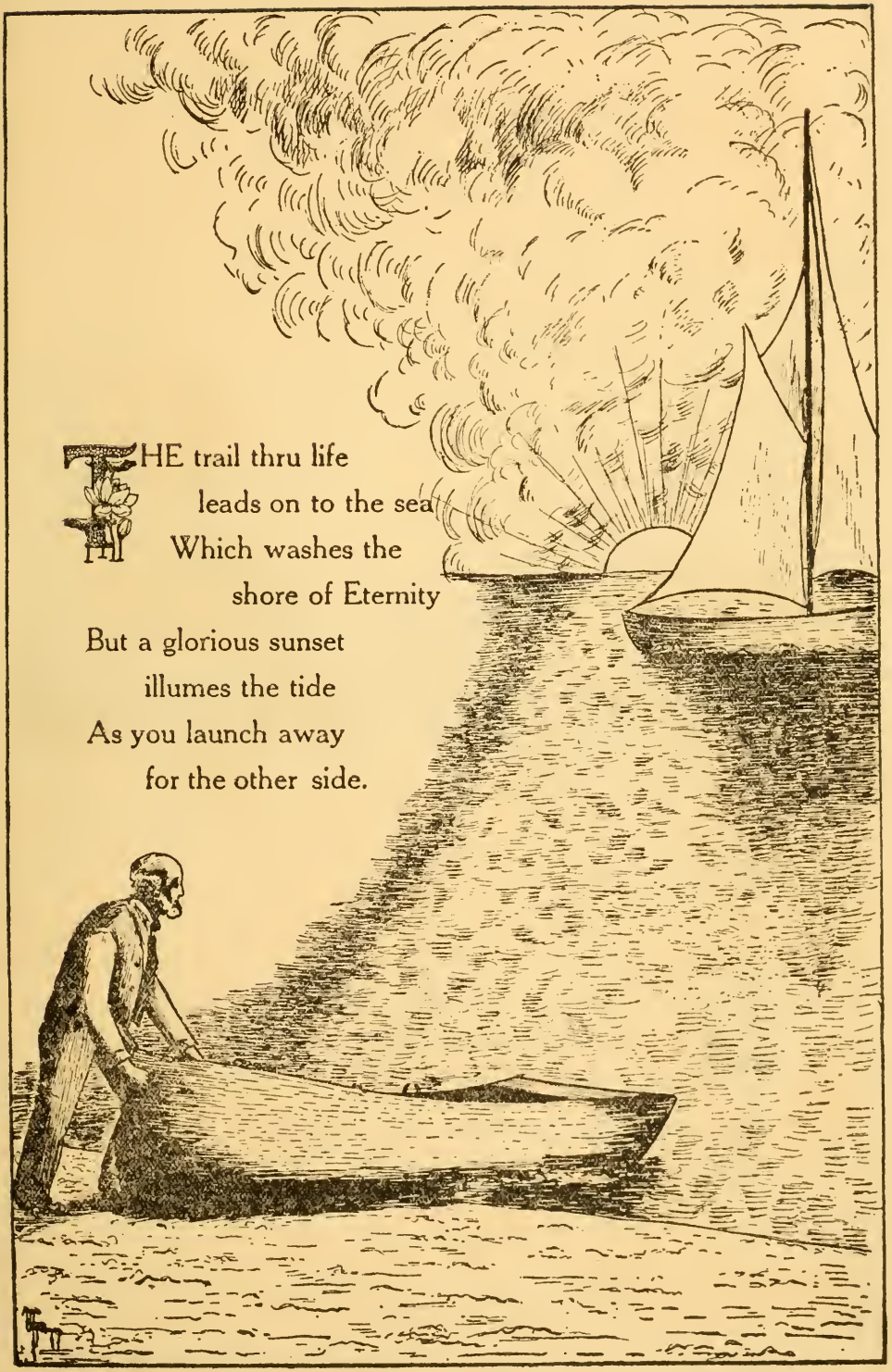
THE Pioneer days
are the days of old
When you dug your wealth
from the Mountains bold.
Now the farms with their products
lay vast stores
Of treasures like gold
at your very doors.

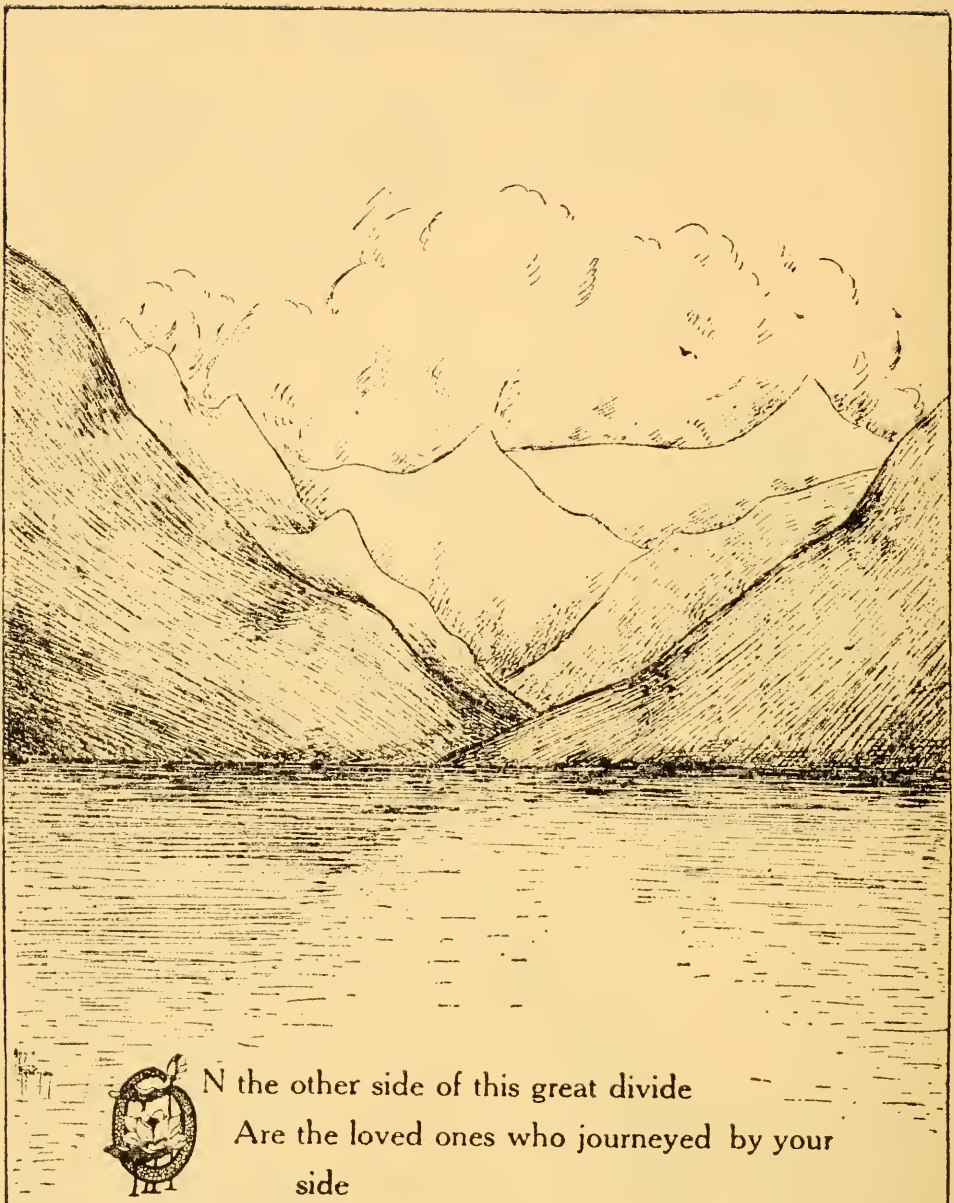


THE days of old and the days of gold
Are passing away like a tale that's told.
But their memory clings and lingers till
It brighter grows on the western hill.



N' the trail of life
you have traveled far,
You have made a State
and now ajar
See the gates to the city
of love and light,
The City Beautiful,
where there is no night.


THE trail thru life
leads on to the sea
Which washes the
shore of Eternity
But a glorious sunset
illumes the tide
As you launch away
for the other side.



ON the other side of this great divide
Are the loved ones who journeyed by your side
They joyously await as in days of yore
To welcome you home when the journey's o'er.

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